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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Politics, Not As Usual

DOES THE phrase *Baker v. Carr* ring a bell in the mind of every reader? Even the most informed American probably needs a moment or two to recall that the *Baker v. Carr* decision by the Supreme Court was the one which held that federal courts have the power and duty of hearing cases involving inequitable districting by state legislatures. Yet it may well be that this decision will turn out to be one of the handful of Court rulings which directly changed the course of U.S. history.

When the *Baker v. Carr* decision was handed down, only three months ago, every commentator recognized the potential significance of the ruling. Breaking the rural (and almost inevitably conservative) stranglehold on state legislatures would clearly have enormous consequences in state government, in state concern with urban problems, in the strength at the polls of minority groups, who tend to be concentrated in the cities. It was recognized that district reapportionment would have particular bearing on the one-party South, and hence on the race question there. And it was predicted that these changes would ultimately be felt on the federal level, since state legislatures control Congressional as well as state districting.

But the political analysts who made these observations were careful to surround them with large ifs and whens. It was pointed out that the Supreme Court ruling in itself accomplished nothing in regard to districting reform; it merely established the jurisdiction of federal courts over suits involving unfair representation. The suits would have to be brought, and litigation would have to be carried on, perhaps for years, over every districting scheme the state legislatures might devise to circumvent, or at least minimize the effect of, the ruling. *Baker v. Carr* was an important decision, it was concluded, but there would be a long, hard fight before its impact became significant.

Now it appears that the predictions of change were excessively cautious. The aggressive tactics of citizens' groups, surprisingly quick reaction from lower courts, the threat of court invalidation of elections carried out under districting arrangements judged to be discriminatory, and what looks like uncharacteristic farsightedness on the part of office-holders have all worked together to bring about some extraordinary developments.

IN NEW YORK, for instance, the March 26 Supreme Court decision is having an important effect on Governor Rockefeller's crucial bid for re-election. Mr. Rockefeller is doing his best to resist strong pressure for immediate apportionment reform, which would of course be damaging to his own party. But there is the danger that his resistance will be interpreted by downstate voters as flagrant Republican partisanship, and such a reaction might seriously hurt his popular vote even while it protected the advantage of his party.

At least twenty-one other states are also involved in lawsuits over reapportionment, and several of them have already carried out redistricting reforms. Maryland, for example, redistricted its lower house for the first time in forty years. Tennessee has already redistricted both houses of its legislature, but the state's urban voters are still unsatisfied and have brought suit against the new apportionment formula. The courts have found districting methods discriminatory and issued ultimatums to the state legislatures of Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama.

Already the effects of these developments are being felt, especially in the Deep South, where Democratic moderates and Republicans in the cities have been almost helpless against the over-weighted ballots of "back country" voters. What this will mean in the South's handling of its race problems, and in the whole complexion of Southern politics (pun deliberate), is almost beyond imagination,

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but a hint may be found in a recent story in the N.Y. *Times*. Writing from Washington, reporter Anthony Lewis quotes Senator Herman Talmadge, who was explaining his support for a "liberal" Administration bill. Senator Talmadge spoke of the bill's merits, then added, "And I've got to take care of my urban constituents." This, from Senator Talmadge of Georgia, is nothing less than the sign of a whole new order in Georgia politics.

The present "do-nothing" Congress has lately shown some stirrings of life, with the President receiving unexpected support on several key bills. Furthermore, it has been suggested by some that the Southern Democratic-Republican coalition shows recent evidence of weakening, although the reason for the trend—if it should continue—can not be agreed on. No doubt there are innumerable factors involved in the workings of this or any Congress, but it seems not unreasonable to think that the cloud of reapportionment on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, may be attracting the attention of our legislators. The day of a rational, two-party political system, North and South, may thus be closer than we had dared hope. If it is, much of the explanation will be summed up in the words *Baker v. Carr*.

Soviet Aid to India

ONE TROUBLE with the game of international politics, as played today, is that there are too many private games going on amidst the big one. The result often enough is to complicate the moves the major powers must make. The persistent dispute between Pakistan and India over the status of Kashmir provides a painful instance of these complications. On the one hand, the United States is committed to assisting India's economic growth and its political independence. On the other, the United States is also committed to provide military assistance to Pakistan as an important member of CENTO and SEATO. Yet it is now evident that any military aid we provide Pakistan irritates and worries the Indians.

Naturally, the Soviet Union has been quick to make the most of Indian fears. In offering to sell India two squadrons of MIG-21 supersonic fighters and a plant to produce more, Russia has provided India an opportunity to counter Pakistan's recent acquisition of twelve F-104 fighters from the U.S. Moreover, the attractiveness of the Soviet offer has been enhanced by Soviet willingness to accept rupees in payment. Faced with a growing shortage of foreign exchange, India would find it far more difficult to get the same aid from the West.

At the same time, it is not difficult to imagine why Russia has made the offer. If accepted, it could very effectively drive a wedge between India and the West—by breaking the close ties between India and Great Britain on military equipment and technology, by developing closer ties between India and Russia, and by alienating American opinion toward economic aid to India.

The entire situation is one calling for the utmost Western delicacy. It is surely not inconceivable, should fighting between India and Pakistan break out, that Pakistan would use its recently acquired jets if it felt forced to. Nor, faced with Chinese border pressures and internal economic problems can India be blamed for seeking the most monetarily attractive means of bolstering its defense. Again, it is not difficult to see why Prime Minister Nehru would be unwilling to turn down the Soviet offer simply because of Western opposition to it; and Nehru is, in addition, undergoing strong Left-wing pressure not to give in to Western coercion.

Nevertheless, however possible it is to sympathize with India's position, we hope it will reconsider the situation carefully. It is certainly predictable, if India accepts the Soviet offer, that American Congressional opinion will become increasingly hostile to Indian requests for economic aid. The recent rejection by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of a proposed $90 million increase in aid to India during the coming fiscal year ought to give Prime Minister Nehru pause. Moreover, it is difficult to see why India does not more fully realize that the acceptance of the Soviet offer would also estrange British public opinion and jeopardize its strong ties with Great Britain. Nehru stands to gain something by accepting the Soviet offer; but he could lose much more in the end.

Decade of Development

WHO WOULD oppose Secretary U Thant's plan to tackle poverty in the world on a ten-year basis? UNESCO, the F.A.O. and related U.N. agencies have had a similar objective; yet never have the aims been nearly so extensive nor the sights so high. The aim of raising personal incomes in the underdeveloped countries two per cent a year hardly envisages an earthly paradise, however, especially considering the present level. U Thant declares that more people are suffering from hunger and want than ever before.

Latin America serves as a revealing example and a challenge to the United States. More than half its inhabitants suffer from hunger, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization. More than a

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third of them are illiterate. Life expectancy averages only forty years. Half the people still live in rural areas, even though in recent years many have found their way to city slums.

Chile, where some of the most constructive social action in the hemisphere is taking hold on a small scale, makes the situation even more graphic. Two-thirds of the thirty thousand infants who die there each year before reaching their first birthday die from lack of nourishment. Half the arable land in Chile has been left idle in the past ten years despite the need (most of it is held by wealthy owners). Per acre production of land that is cultivated is only one-twentieth what it is in the United States and Canada. Construction of new homes is moving very slowly, while forty-five per cent of those living in cities, and ninety per cent in the country, have far from adequate shelter.

The distance to be covered in the march toward decent living standards is admittedly tremendous. But many of the most effective means of building up capacity to produce are simple, available and relatively inexpensive. A planting of hybrid corn (in place of Latin American dwarf corn) can double production the very first year, for example. Like results have come from the substitution of steel plows for wooden ones and the introduction of fertilizers. The introduction of sewing machines into an area—and of lathes and other surplus machinery from the United States—has greatly increased productivity.

Training and organizing which are beginning in a small way in many countries are other essentials for sound development. Again the financial requirements are modest: sums needed here and there for the renovation of buildings and for demonstration equipment at agricultural training centers; for the local-level salaries of instructors and organizers of labor unions, credit unions and purchasing and marketing cooperatives; for capital to set up small revolving funds for low-cost housing projects. Even with limited additional funds from outside the opportunities are legion—notably in Latin America.

The people themselves in many lands, then, already have begun to organize to raise their living standards. Where showing great promise in their incipient stages, such organizations can come to serve as important components in sound development structures.

Our Debt to Panama

THE importance of the Panama Canal to the United States could hardly be overemphasized. For that reason, cordial relations with the Panamanian government are as necessary today as they were in 1903 when the treaty setting forth the conditions of American use was signed. In recent years, however, strains have appeared in our relationship with Panama. In particular, the anti-American riots of three years ago over U.S. Canal policy did much to shatter American complacency; the spirit of ardent nationalism was shown to be as lively in Panama as elsewhere in Latin America.

Since those riots—which turned on the flying of Panama's flag in the Zone, among other things—the situation has improved. Yet Panama still has a number of important desires: it would like to see the 1903 treaty revised beyond the amendments of 1955, equalization of labor opportunities and wages for Panamanians working for the Canal company, and a greater display of Panama's flag in the Canal Zone. Finally, it would like to increase its income from the Canal, which now runs just under $2 million dollars annually.

The recent short visit of President Roberto Francisco Chiari to Washington, cordial and open on both sides, provides hope that the Panamanian desires will be honored. One immediate result of the visit was President Kennedy's agreement to allow more Panamanian flags to be flown. Beyond that, the two Presidents agreed to appoint representatives to negotiate on the matter of a new treaty. These developments are very welcome. The United States owes much to Panama. The very least we can do is to pay heed to its national aspirations.

What De Gaulle Wants

Paris

ONCE AGAIN the specter of Charles de Gaulle casts its long shadow over the Atlantic Alliance, sowing anger in Washington, dismay in London, and confusion in the capitals of Western Europe. Finally freed from the preoccupations of the Algerian war, de Gaulle has now returned to the theme of his grand design: the reconstitution of Europe. In making one of his rare appearances before the press on May 15, the French president combined his roles of educator, prophet and iconoclast with a facility that delighted his admirers and exasperated his critics.

But the sharp reactions to de Gaulle's speech within France—five M.R.P. cabinet members resigned—faded beside the shock waves it set off in Europe and America. Led by Paul-Henri Spaak, European integrationists

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parried the General's sarcasm with slighting references to his mortality and called for a new assault on the citadel of a supernational Europe. In Britain, advocates of entry into the Common Market pondered darkly over de Gaulle's neglect of their candidacy. And in Washington irritation gave way to an anti-Gaullist fervor as he was accused of every sin from ingratitude to senility.

Before playing the new parlor game of de Gaulle-baiting, it might be worthwhile to examine exactly what the General wants. It is not, despite the cries of alarm now making the rounds, the disintegration of the Atlantic community, but rather its reconstitution as an alliance of two powerful equals—the United States and Europe. What de Gaulle seeks is a recognition of the evolving diffusion of power that is shaking the Western as well as the Communist world. What he wants is a strong and revitalized Europe, capable of providing for its own defense, and playing a role in the world commensurate with its unique gifts and growing vitality. France, to be sure, must assume a large role in a more powerful Europe—geography and economics make this essential. But despite his doubts about a politically-united Europe, de Gaulle has continually reiterated that Europe's only hope for strength lies in a close union. A European as much as a Frenchman, he is committed to a Europe which stretches, as he has said, from the Atlantic to the Urals. Europe, in his conception, is the crowning symbol of Western civilization.

Today Europe is split in two by a rivalry between America and Russia—a rivalry over which Europe has no control. Since nations endure, but governments pass, the time must one day come when changed political conditions will permit the joining together of the two sundered parts of Europe. This is a problem which can best be handled by the Europeans, since it obviously affects them most directly. But if Europe is ever to achieve this reconciliation, it must regain the power of decision over its own future. This cannot be done so long as Europe remains an instrument of the Soviet-American power struggle. Only by freeing itself from military dependency upon the United States, will Europe have the freedom of action to follow a diplomacy best geared to her own interests.

IN HIS press conference, de Gaulle pointed out that Europe found it necessary to place herself under American protection at a time when the United States held a monopoly on nuclear weapons. Under the NATO alliance, Europe confided to America not only the control of her armed forces, but her political initiative as well. Since America paid the military piper, it was logical to expect America to call the tune. However, since that time the Soviets have built their own nuclear force and, at least according to de Gaulle, "no one today knows when, nor how, nor why one or the other of these great atomic powers may use its nuclear arsenal." It is this lost political initiative that de Gaulle seeks to recapture for Europe.

But the price of great power status in an age of nuclear weapons is a nuclear arsenal, and it is in order to implement his diplomacy—not because he is mesmerized by French *grandeur*—that de Galle is determined to build an independent nuclear striking force. It is easy enough to accuse France of "disloyalty" toward NATO or of irrespsonsibility in contributing to the dispersal of nuclear weapons. But who in America or Britain can cast stones? As de Gaulle's foreign minister observed in an American television broadcast: "I have never heard anyone say that the fact that Britain has atomic weapons constitutes a danger for the United States. Why should this be the case for one ally and not for us?"

Those who charge France with disloyalty to NATO, must surely recognize that de Gaulle is not alone in believing that "NATO was formed 13 years ago under conditions which were profoundly different from those today." And since none of the three major atomic powers has unilaterally divested itself of nuclear weapons, nor in concert been able to agree even on a treaty to halt atomic testing, they are not in a position to chastise the French for embarking on a road they charted themselves.

What de Gaulle seeks, it must be made clear, is a Europe closely allied with the United States in the common defense of the West, but retaining its own force of dissuasion, and thus a diplomatic maneuverability it does not now have. However, this is possible only if Germany is indissolubly linked to a tight West European community. This is why de Gaulle has consistently worked to strengthen the bonds of the Franco-German entente, and to make sure that after the passing of Adenauer, Germany will not cut loose from the West and seek a separate peace with Russia at the expense of its eastern neighbors. And this is why he has encouraged German intransigence over Berlin. Refusing to believe that any viable Berlin agreement can be reached outside a general European settlement, de Gaulle prefers to stay aloof from the current negotiations, and by doing so strengthen German ties with France. Beyond that, he is convinced that the "Anglo-Saxon powers," as he calls them, are giving away the West's most powerful card—Soviet fear of the atomic armament of Germany—in return for nothing.

De Gaulle is no more eager than Khrushchev to see Germany armed with atomic weapons. And he alone, of all the Western statesmen, has publicly recognized the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's permanent eastern frontier. But he believes that the Russians will pay a very high price to prevent a German nuclear arsenal: that price being the loosening of the Soviet hold on the satellites. But they will pay that price only to Europe, and not to America, because they will not tolerate eastern Europe's being drawn into the American orbit. This

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is why de Gaulle believes that only Europeans hold the key to the reunification of Europe. Germany, however, will only pay the price of atomic renunciation if she is so tied to the evolving West European community that she will recognize this as vital to her own, as well as to Europe's interests.

Across the Channel, the British, as they debate the terms of their entry into the Common Market, may well wonder what place they play in the Gaullist vision of Europe. It is often said that de Gaulle wants to keep Britain out of Europe. But even if he wanted to, he could not block British entry into the Common Market if Britain agreed to accept the economic rules already laid down by the Six. But what de Gaulle can do is to force the British to choose: either they retain their close ties with the Commonwealth and with America, or they come into Europe. A nuclear-armed Britain trailing her Commonwealth preferences and her "special relationship" with the United States is completely unacceptable to France, and none of the other Common Market nations is going to fight for it. Indeed, it is already widely assumed in Europe, as Raymond Aron has pointed out, that President Kennedy is pressing Britain into the Economic Community in order to head off any independent European foreign policy.

Come into Europe as a partner of France, or stay out altogether: that is de Gaulle's position. Those who believe he is cunningly blocking British entry underestimate the value of Britain's dowry. If Britain chooses economic integration with Europe, the next logical step would be for her to share her nuclear technology with France to establish a European nuclear deterrent under Anglo-French control. This, of course, could only be done with the approval of the United States because of our atomic energy law; but an American veto would serve no purpose, since de Gaulle is determined to build his *force de frappe* whether or not he gets outside help.

Thus the United States and Britain are gradually becoming aware of the true nature of the choice that lies before them: either include France in a nuclear tri-directorate, or watch a French-led Europe constitute itself without them. As André Fontaine has written in *Le Monde*, Europe's most influential newspaper, "It is inconceivable, unless it resigns itself to an interminable cold war, that Europe depend eternally upon America for its security and for the orientation of its diplomacy." Europe's rumblings have only begun. RONALD STEEL

(Mr. Steel, a frequent contributor, is in Europe preparing a book on foreign policy questions.)

Will Sparks

Guerrillas in Vietnam

How special are the U.S. Army's Special Forces in Southeast Asia and what can we expect from them?

IN HIS 1961 budget message to Congress, John F. Kennedy urged a ". . . strengthened capacity to meet limited and guerrilla warfare—limited military adventure and threats to the security of the free world that are not large enough to justify the label of 'limited war.'" We need, he said, "a greater ability to deal with guerrilla forces, insurrections and subversion. . . . We must be ready now to deal with any size of force including small externally supported bands of men; and we must help train local forces to be equally effective."

Among the steps which the President subsequently took to implement his own recommendation was to order the U.S. Army's Special Forces increased to about 4,600 men. This is not, however, an objective which can be achieved either quickly or easily, since the Special Forces soldier is a product of rigorous training which requires time, sweat—and an unusual combination of aptitudes on the part of the trainee.

Special Forces represent, necessarily, only a minute portion of the U.S. troops currently supporting the government of South Vietnam in its struggle against the roving bands of guerrillas organized, armed, and directed by Ho Chi Minh's Communist government in Hanoi. It is much too soon to predict what role such forces are likely to play in the final outcome of the struggle for Southeast Asia. But to an observer who studies their operations at first hand, it does become apparent that the men and their methods are indeed "special"—and that they have been remarkably effective

WILL SPARKS, a previous contributor, is a free-lance journalist who recently spent three months in Vietnam with the U.S. Special Forces.

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in stabilizing the limited areas thus far assigned to them.

Perhaps their most significant contribution lies in the fact that a Special Forces "team"—normally about twelve men—must, in the nature of its job, work directly with the lower strata of the local population: the peasants, the village chiefs, the primitive mountain tribes whose customs and taboos are frequently as unfamiliar to officials of the local government as they are to Americans. All too often in Asia, the pattern of Western military aid has taken the form of high-level briefings for ministers and generals and training in military schools abroad for sons of upper-class families destined for commissions in the local Army, Navy, or Air Force—while, in the meantime, Communist agents infiltrate native villages, seek out the disaffected and, through a combination of persuasion and threats, recruit followers among a population inured by long habit to the insufficiencies of food and shelter which are the guerrilla's lot. In Vietnam, U.S. Special Forces are proving to be one of the first effective answers to such tactics.

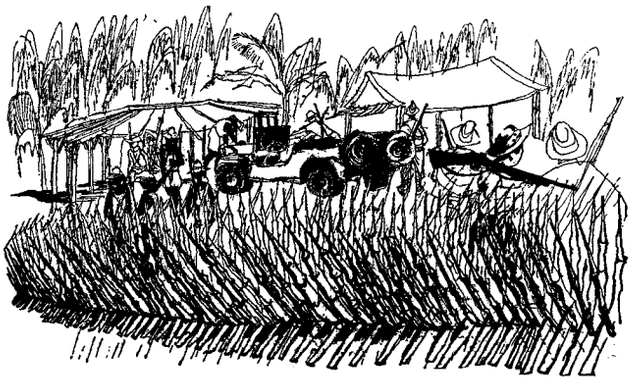
"Probably our most valuable anti-guerrilla asset is our medics," a high-ranking Special Forces Officer has said. "They come along and find a villager with a swollen jaw and they extract the tooth and treat it and that man is your friend for life." The medic is, in fact, frequently the key to opening up a village for anti-guerrilla training. This is especially true in remote mountain areas where dark-skinned villagers such as the Rhade people speak a language as incomprehensible to the Vietnamese as it is to us and practice animal sacrifices which are abhorrent to the predominantly Buddhist population of the lowlands. They make excellent fighters, however, and their allegiance is easily decided: they fight for their friends, and a friend is someone who helps.

ACCOMPANYING the first Special Forces team into such a village is an experience not easily forgotten. Customarily, two or three Americans—with an interpreter, if the dialect is a new one—will have visited the village some time previously, and explained to the chief and the elders that other men will be coming soon to help them resist the Viet Cong (Communist guerrillas). Whatever the chief may have felt about this offer, he has kept to himself. Life for him is a matter of keeping his people fed—and avoiding offense to both the Communist guerrillas who periodically level a "tax" of rice and manpower on his community, and the government forces who—from his point of view—do exactly the same. If he refuses help to the Viet Cong, they will assassinate him or burn the village, or both. If he gives them too much help the government will mark his village down as "pro-Communist" and react accordingly. He is a man on a tightrope, receptive to any suggestions about how to get off—but, understandably, cautious and skeptical. It is the medic who, when he arrives, drives the first wedge into that skepticism: he helps, immediately, unmistakably, and sometimes dramatically. It is he who makes that first visit memorable.

After the initial formalities, which will probably include a sup at the communal jug of rice wine, one of the visitors will inquire if there is anyone sick in the village. Oddly enough, the answer often is no. When, however, the medic opens his aid kit and offers to examine anyone who feels that he *might* be ill, he can count on a flourishing medical practice within half an hour. First come the reasonably healthy, the victims of myriad psychosomatic complaints—headaches, backaches, abdominal pains, ringing in the ears—which seem to be as common in the mountains of Southeast Asia as on Park Avenue. These are soon followed by children with severe impetigo, or worse, and ultimately by the stretcher cases: elderly victims of everything from vitamin deficiencies to tuberculosis and venereal disease, carried in by means of a hammock-like sling suspended from a bamboo pole on the shoulders of their relatives. The medic, to the best of his ability and with the extensive array of drugs at his disposal, treats them all, often with surprising effectiveness.

The medic is perhaps the best example of the essential difference between the Special Forces soldier and the "conventional" or "general purpose" soldier. While the latter is skilled in first aid, his job is to keep battlefield casualties alive until they can be gotten into the hands of doctors at the nearest field hospital. There are no field hospitals in guerrilla warfare, however. The Special Forces medic—whose training includes at least nine months of anatomy and basic surgery—must be prepared to perform amputations, or to diagnose and cope with an inflamed appendix. Like all of his teammates, he is also a combat infantryman, a paratrooper, an amateur linguist, and qualified in at least one other special skill, such as operating a short-wave radio.

AS THE Special Forces team settles into the village, the diverse skills of its eight to twelve members are



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concentrated, first, on teaching the natives the rudiments of self-defense. Using local materials, sharpened stakes of bamboo in lieu of barbed wire, for example, a strong fence is constructed around the entire village. Then, with weapons supplied by the team, several dozen of the village men are taught marksmanship and formed into a cadre which provides twenty-four hour guard duty.

Inhabitants of the Vietnam highlands, the Montegnards, are a primitive people, but they are hunters, take rapidly to modern firearms, even submachine guns. Training problems which arise are less likely to involve weapons technique than organization and discipline, for which the easy-going Montegnards have relatively little aptitude.

"The only way these people can be safe from guerrillas," a Special Forces Captain said recently, "is to shoot anybody who so much as sneezes outside that gate after dark. If they've got business here, let them come in daylight. That's what the fence is for."

Nothing succeeds like success, and a "self-defense" program quickly spreads to surrounding villages. Once it becomes apparent that the handful of Americans have indeed succeeded in making their host village an unattractive target for Viet Cong extortion, neighboring chiefs solicit similar programs for their own people. This may be done by bringing trainees to the original village for a course of instruction, after which they are furnished weapons and sent home. Or the Special Forces team may split into two- or four-man groups, move into the villages and conduct training on the spot.

It was on such a mission that two Special Forces sergeants were killed recently and two others held captive for twenty-three days by Communist guerrillas. Despite the conviction of many Americans at home that, if U.S. soldiers are getting shot, they must be in combat, Special Forces in Vietnam do not have a combat mission. They are there to train and advise. Such a mission performed in a remote hamlet surrounded by a guerrilla-infested jungle, however, is bound to be more hazardous than giving high-level advice to the Defense Ministry in Saigon. In the long run, it may also be more effective.

U.S. MILITARY Assistance to Vietnam, as to Thailand, Laos and other countries of Southeast Asia, began with a Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG). Such groups exist in some forty countries. MAAG officers act as advisors in battalions, regiments and divisions. They do not instruct the individual soldier, correct his firing position on the rifle range or teach him how to adjust a sight. They are expected, rather, to point out such deficiencies to the host country's officers and non-commissioned officers, who then impart the person-to-person training their soldiers may require. This is the only practicable way of training large masses of men, and may be a pre-requisite for the limited, on-the-spot efforts of a Special Forces team. On the other hand, as a historian of the French war in Indochina, Dr. Bernard B. Fall, has said: "In the monsoon jungles of Southeast Asia, there is no cheap substitute for the most expensive commodity of them all—the well-trained combat infantryman; not the mass-produced item of the 'divisional training camps' so dear to the Korean War, but the patiently trained jungle fighter who will stay *in* the jungle—not on the edges of it—and who will out-stay the enemy, if need be. The French had finally recognized this and their commando groups, once developed, showed surprising staying and hitting ability. But when the showdown came, there were too few of them—and they were too late."

It is important to remember that, contrary to what is now widely believed, the French were not defeated by guerrillas alone. As Dr. Fall himself has pointed out, a typical Viet-Minh division was equipped with almost as many rifles, more submachine guns, and more heavy mortars than the French unit opposed to it. They also had recoilless cannon and three bazookas. Equipping and training a conventional army in Southeast Asia is not, therefore, the total waste that some critics suggest.

It is equally true, however, that unless something is done about guerrillas, regular military units eventually find themselves confined to garrison cities, entirely encircled by a hostile countryside. There are many who believe that we are perilously close to that situation in Vietnam today.

SPECIAL FORCES teams are not only anti-guerrilla fighters, of course: they are also guerrillas. Their training mission in South Vietnam is not merely to create defense outposts in mountain villages. Having secured a base of operation, they are able to train—and do train—native patrols in the techniques of ambush and surprise which enable them to clear guerrilla bands from the surrounding jungle. For, as Che Guevara observes in his Cuban manual for guerrilla warfare, ". . . the guerrilla fighter must be an inhabitant of the area. There he has friends to whom he can turn for help. He knows the area because it is his."

It is disturbing, in this light, to read news dispatches from Saigon which state that the government of Ngo Dinh Diem is resisting the use of a portion of U.S. aid money for direct application by Americans to emergency projects. President Diem, according to N.Y. *Times* correspondent Homer Bigart, "apparently is concerned over the political implications that might arise if Americans deal directly with provincial and district chiefs without clearing everything with Saigon." It must be hoped that the necessity to "clear it with Saigon" will not interfere substantially with the work of Special Forces anti-guerrilla experts in the villages of Vietnam—and particularly in the central highlands

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whose long-neglected tribes may be our last hope for blocking the supplies and Communist recruits flowing southward down the peninsula, via Laos, from the Communist north.

President Kennedy himself, it is reliably reported, is a prime mover in expanding the Army's Special Forces. Their numbers are still limited and, for reasons already suggested, time will be needed before they can be substantially increased. To observe the few at work in Southeast Asia, however, is to be convinced that what they do, or do not do, will have an effect on the outcome far out of proportion to their numbers. What role they finally play in the fight for Southeast Asia will be decided, however, by the amount of support they get from the often conservative planners at the Pentagon and the degree to which the governments like those of South Vietnam can be persuaded to let them apply their unusual skills. In resolving questions like these, needless to say, a friend in the White House can be a big help.

LAYMEN AND THE COUNCIL

First, the Liturgy

John B. Mannion

OF ALL the actions likely to be taken by the forthcoming Ecumenical Council, few will affect the Catholic people so directly and personally as the liturgical reforms. For most of us, our principal public contact with the Church is Sunday Mass. And indeed, this is as it should be, for the liturgy is "the chief duty and supreme dignity" of Christians, and takes precedence over any other religious activity—public or private, individual or corporate. For this reason the Mass should be our most meaningful Christian experience. That this is not the case is one of the several motives which have prompted the liturgical reforms of recent decades. Pope Pius XI's "outsiders and mute spectators" of 1928 have become Pope John's "telegraph poles" of 1960.

Clearly the reforms instituted have not been adequate to the task of conveying to the people the true nature of liturgical worship and their role in it. Perhaps this is because the changes have been within the structure of the Roman liturgy as it was frozen in the sixteenth century.

To the man of the twentieth century, the Mass does not appear to be what it actually is: a formal proclamation of the Word of God, a sacrificial oblation re-presenting "in mystery" the redemptive work of Christ, and a community meal renewing the covenant—the pledge of eternal life and love—between the Father and His chosen sons. This threefold reality is not immediately and directly revealed by the words and actions of the Latin rite Mass, which fact has led to a growing realization of the need for further reform.

But why reform? Why not better education in the liturgy as it is? The answer lies in the very essence of what liturgy is. Let us define it here as that complex of rites or sacred signs which contain what they signify and through which God is glorified and man sanctified. No one questions the essential efficacy of the Latin liturgy in glorifying God and sanctifying man. What is in question is its efficacy as "sign," for insofar as our Mass today fails to signify or communicate to the man of today what it actually is, it fails as "sign." A sign which means little or nothing to me is not really a sign at all; it is an enigma.

WHAT WE may hope for, then, is that the fathers of the Second Vatican Council will provide us with a complexus of intelligible, meaningful signs (if the reader will forgive the redundant adjectives). Precisely what changes are called for are well known to anyone who has been observing or engaging in the liturgical movement. The innumerable details need not concern us here; those seeking them are earnestly referred to such recent works as H. A. Reinhold's *Bringing the Mass to the People* (Helicon, 1960). Let us be satisfied with selective comments on the broad outline of reforms, keeping in mind that these suggestions are not the official proposals of the Liturgical Conference or any other body; at the same time, insofar as they reflect the writer's study and discussion with clergy and laity, scholars and "typical parishioners," they may be considered representative of a general trend of thought in the Church today.

JOHN B. MANNION is Executive Secretary of the Liturgical Conference. This article is part of a special series devoted to the layman's hopes and desires in connection with the coming Ecumenical Council.

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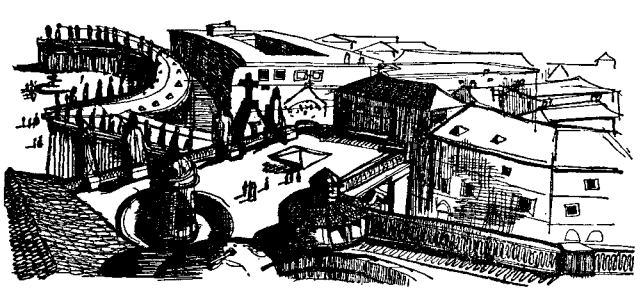
Taking the Mass in its sequence, it seems imperative that the readings from Scripture should be presented in a manner which clearly demonstrates that this is the formal proclamation, by the Church, of God's revealed Word to His people duly assembled. This might be accomplished by providing that the lessons be read facing the people, from lecterns or ambos (which would also serve the purpose of distinguishing between the "service of the Word" and the service of the altar).

The cycle of selections from the Bible might be expanded, say to three years, so that more of the Word could be offered the people than is now possible in a one-year cycle. Should not more Old Testament readings be included, perhaps by more frequent use of three lessons in the Mass instead of two? And, needless to say, all such readings should be in the language of the people (more on this later), and delivered reverently, not hurriedly for the sake of satisfying an obligation. The ancient "prayer of the faithful" or litany of special intentions might be restored to use to conclude the first important segment of our worship service.

The offertory can easily be revised to make it clearer that the gifts come from the people. At the same time, care should be taken that the offertory rite does not seem to be anything more than a simple presentation of the materials of the sacrifice; the celebrant's prayers at this time seem to make more of it by confusing the offering of the bread and wine with the sacrifice of Christ's Body and Blood.

Some consideration should be given to the prayers and actions of the Canon: why the Preface of the Holy Trinity as the standard Sunday preface? Why invoke Roman saints unknown to us? Why not give more prominence to the concluding elevation and doxology, not delaying the people's response by the celebrant's genuflection or coupling it with the Our Father before Communion? And since the Canon is *the* central action of the Mass, why should it not be celebrated aloud as the focus of our attention?

The relationship between Communion and the sacrificial act might be more evident if the two were not separated by so much time. Couldn't the private prayers of the celebrant be eliminated? And shouldn't it be stressed again that sharing the Eucharistic Food is the proper and normal conclusion of the Mass for all who are present? It would also help if more force were given to the urging of recent Popes that the people receive Hosts consecrated at the same Mass.



The "last Gospel"—like the prayers at the foot of the altar—began as a private devotion of the celebrant, not as prayer proper to public worship. There is considerable opinion that both practices might best be dropped for the sake of clarity.

AMONG ALL these changes, however, the central problem remains that of language. If it is a valid principle that changes are intended to make the forms of the liturgy conform more appropriately to their inner nature and purpose and to make them more meaningful to the people, then we cannot lightly dismiss the increasing desire for more vernacular in the rites of our public worship. Since the liturgy is a sacred sign—an external, intelligible signification of an interior, invisible reality—and since words are essential in the sacramental rites, the use of an unknown language obstructs the purpose of liturgy considered as a sign, a means of communication.

Pope John's recent Apostolic Constitution, *Veterum Sapientia*, reaffirms a centuries-old tradition that Latin is the official language of the Western Church. This precise, succinct tongue is admirably suited as the vehicle for preserving normative formulations of Church doctrine, against which all vernacular teaching can be judged. It serves an equally valuable purpose as the language of official communications and documents within the universal Church, and of the official books of the sacred liturgy (Missal, Office, Ritual, Pontificale, etc.).

This principle would not be compromised if the Church were to permit vernacular usage in parochial liturgy. It would still be the Latin rite. The Latin texts would be the norm for all vernacular editions. Some parts of the Mass might well be retained—without any threat to intelligibility—in Latin (and Hebrew and Greek), *e.g.*, the familiar greetings and other versicles, and in prayers said silently by the priest. Moreover, the liturgy would be celebrated completely in Latin in monasteries and other religious institutions, in Rome, perhaps in cathedral churches, and at international gatherings.

To ask that Christians, when assembled in their parish churches, be permitted to worship in their own language is not to abuse the honored place of Latin; it is simply to recognize the fact that the people no longer understand that venerable tongue. Viewed objectively, the loss of Latin as the language of public worship is indeed a loss, but the same objectivity should tell us that we risk an even greater loss if we sacrifice meaningful, sincere worship in favor of this or any other matter of liturgical discipline.

These remarks on the vernacular constitute no

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attempt to exhaust the question. But they are deemed necessary, if only because so many have been led to believe that *Veterum Sapientia* was intended to banish the possibility of vernacular in the liturgy—which it was not or it would have said so—as well as to stifle any and all discussion of this possibility—which it was not or it would not have singled out only those who are "moved by an inordinate desire for novelty." If not all, then certainly the majority, of those clergy and laity who call for the vernacular speak from the conviction that they seek only the essential purposes of the Church: the glory of God and the sanctification of man.

The fact that the cry for the vernacular is so widespread among clergy and laity in so many countries (if a vote were feasible, or in order, I would not doubt the outcome) might suggest that the Holy Spirit is active in this matter, again making His inspiration known through the consensus of the faithful. Certainly the fathers of the council, no matter what their personal preference might be, will consider this a possibility.

SPACE prohibits any detailed discussion of additional reforms, but a few deserve mention:

It is commonly said that the Divine Office in its present form is not in harmony with daily routine of the secular clergy in the modern world. Most commentators on the subject urge that the number of "hours" be reduced, that it be recited in the vernacular, that the choral elements be altered for individual use, and that some of the contents be revised.

Lay people would surely benefit if some form of the Office were made available to them—at least as morning and evening prayer, for use individually, in family life, and as a public service in the parish church. In this way, the entire church—not the clergy alone—could share in that prayer which sanctifies the various periods of the day and offers a continuing round of praise to the Father.

At the present time, the Holy See reserves to itself all rights concerning the ordering of the sacred liturgy. It would achieve great pastoral good if the principle of local adaptation were restored by the council. This would allow local ordinaries or the bishops of a country to make adjustments and additions to the liturgy to accommodate local customs and cultures. Consider, for instance, the diverse wedding or funeral customs among such countries as Japan and South Africa, Poland and Indochina, the United States and India. In our own country the local adaptation principle would be more than justified if it resulted in evening Masses regularly, meaningful services for funerals, betrothals, Thanksgiving Day and other American customs, and—most urgently—for wakes, which are uncomfortably empty and un-Christian.

These are but samples of the sort of reforms hoped for among clergy and laity. Unfortunately, they have been articulated publicly only by scholars or specialists, and in books and journals which do not grace every home and rectory library. If our bishops are to engage in the deliberations of the Council with full knowledge of the mind of the faithful, more clergy and laity must speak up.

Such expression of hopes and needs for reform will surely be accepted as a manifestation of genuine concern for the effectiveness of the Church's mission. Let us hope that no false notion of prudence or false concept of the liturgy as the exclusive province of the clergy will restrain lay people from revealing their legitimate and prayerfully considered aspirations concerning liturgical reform. Informed discussion, conducted with charity, loyalty, and mutual respect, can lead to that ordering of the sacred liturgy which permits intelligent and meaningful engagement in the redemptive realities through which we, united to Christ in the unity of the Holy Spirit, offer all honor and glory to the Father.

Robbed

Sound and satisfied,
With everything in place
And a place for everything
Except those small things
Easy to replace,
He sits firmly in the center
Of his middle years.

His left hand knows
What his right hand knows.
Neither hand trembles;
Both are smooth.

He has a good digestion.
He has a good barber
His taste for dangerous mistresses is gone;
The trivial things he missed in his youth
He notices now.

When the sun stretches toward noon in the morning,
He rises gladly and stretches with it.
When there is rain, or the clouds lurch down
And there is fog,
He has an overcoat nearby.

His income is adequate.
His heartbeat is firm.

Long ago, he found in the meadow,
The lark's bright speckled egg
He beat the bushes for.

LEONARD WOLF

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"Catholics and the Arms Race"

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: The difficulty of criticizing Mr. Lawler's article on "Catholics and the Arms Race" [May 18] is that it is open to attack on too many sides: theology, history, ethics and politics. Mr. Lawler's point is that the bishops ought to give moral guidance to a world which, on the one hand, lives under the threat of nuclear annihilation and, on the other, has entered, in Father Teilhard's words, the era of the "unanimous deed" (whatever that means).

I consider Father Teilhard a muddle-headed man who took his own poetic exaltation for supernatural truth and, on the plane of history, for a planet-wide transformation. I dare hope that he only impresses confused utopians who are similarly impatient to escape the permanent problematics of man.

Millenaristic ravings were always accompanied by visions of war, famine and pestilence—which were supposed to herald a newly emerging world of splendor, glory and abundance. Our contemporary millenarists seize upon the threat of "nuclear holocaust" which, once overcome, would allow mankind to enter the New Jerusalem of harmonious cooperation. It is a sad reflection on these utopians to accept with relative equanimity the horrors of Soviet colonialism ("power-hungry leaders," Mr. Lawler calls the Kremlin's masters), while they are favorably impressed by Father Teilhard's childish statement that Soviet participation in the Geophysical Year (1957) was "year one of the Noosphere."

I criticize Mr. Lawler for similar utopian leanings; for believing that history is now reoriented, that a fresh approach and a "mobilized public opinion," a "moral consensus within the community" might lead to disarmament and universal democracy. He suspects that this is hindered only by a "partisan and probably self-seeking industrial-military complex," and suggests that, in order to combat these evil forces, we "elicit public opinion favorable to mutual, controlled disarmament."

It is always easy to detect the utopian—that is the "enthusiast" as Msgr. Ronald Knox calls the type in his history of heresies—by his lavish use of such expressions as "fresh approach to human problems," "community consensus," "mobilized public opinion," etc. In spite of his self-advertised goodness, however, the utopian is no more tolerant than the "reactionary" he attacks; he fights his own wars and in them he is just as reluctant to disarm as the next man.

What makes Mr. Lawler's position so fallacious and dangerous is that he would enlist the hierarchy's help for western disarmament simply on the Teilhardian assumption that Soviet Russia is now "emerging from tyranny." This, of course, shows a lack of understanding of Communist objectives and also a lack of information that he might easily collect from streams of refugees whether at Berlin, Hong Kong or Miami.

But even beyond the East-West conflict, Mr. Lawler's arguments must be rejected for involving the hierarchy —and Catholics in general—in a theologically, historically and politically false situation. His reasoning is permeated by the Protestant search for the virtuous community over against the Augustinian concept that salvation is not of this world, nor can it be a collective one. As Father R. T. Calmel, O.P., writes in the March issue of *Itinéraires*, "the human race will remain, throughout history, the same as it was constituted at the beginning; it will never cross the threshold of the *ultra-human* [Teilhard's term], and in spite of new civilizations yet to come, it will never transcend its state of fall and redemption."

The truth that utopians cannot face is that communities contain too many divergent interests ever to follow *all* moral virtues simultaneously. In their quest for security and expansion they always sacrifice some, the price of possessing others. As a result, politics among nations will always reflect the entire image of the human condition. Duff Cooper's words in his *Talleyrand* apply to our age too: "Those who believed that the Revolution had introduced a new era . . . were distressed to find that the new diplomacy differed only from the old in the increased amount of hypocritical verbiage with which it sought to conceal its crimes."

No nation will ever accept to disarm in face of an always possible aggression. In spite of token efforts to the contrary, more and more nations will acquire nuclear weapons, not because of dark designs by "military cliques," but because nobody can afford to appear weaker than his neighbor—notwithstanding the increased amount of verbiage at the United Nations or at Geneva. M. Bernard Goldschmidt told the readers of *Le Monde* that in all likelihood Sweden, Switzerland, Israel and India are next in line to develop a nuclear striking force. To those who in the light of this prospect invite the United States to "set the example" and disarm, we may well say with an angry Gaitskell: "Why don't you go to Moscow and tell Mr. Khrushchev to ban *his* bomb?"

THOMAS MOLNAR

Berea, Ohio

TO THE EDITORS: Justus George Lawler makes some remarkable assertions in "Catholics and The Arms Race"

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[May 18]. Examples: "Russia is . . . *inevitably* going to respond more and more to the needs of its citizenry" (does this include the granting of free elections and the provision of the normal concomitants of an open society?) and, "Certainly it is better to live in a "red" society and have the opportunity to personally act (lamentable split infinitive) for the humanizing of it . . ." Where is the *proof* that the rulers of the Kremlin are going to put consumer needs above heavy industry and armaments let alone that they will make real political concessions which, after all, will be decisive in preventing or causing war. If we surrendered could we "humanize" our captors? Six million Jews died in Nazi concentration camps without civilizing their tormentors. Is there any indication that the inhabitants of eastern Europe are converting their Communist masters?

Mr. Lawler's fallacy-studded article is only one in the current tide wave of nuclear pacifist irrationality which does enormous service to the cause of Communism by eroding the will to resist on the part of the free countries of the West. It has been said that "The fear of death and the willingness to submit to any form of human degradation always has been, and still is, the greatest ally of tyranny." Mr. Lawler's devotion to biological survival at any price makes a mockery of all past heroism and sacrifice for the sake of freedom. Furthermore, it is the very pacifism which he glories in which may, by inducing military instability and thus encouraging aggression, bring about the nuclear war which all sane people wish to avoid.

DR. EMERSON JACOB
Librarian
Baldwin Wallace College

The Author Replies

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Molnar's opinions on God, man, and the cosmos may be of interest to his students, but they do not have much bearing on the disarmament question, and, even with appended bibliography, they do not interest me. I have long suspected the *National Review,* of which he is an editor, of muddying the waters of rational discourse; Mr. Molnar's intemperate distortion of my essay leads me to think that he is also, in Newman's words, intent on "poisoning the wells." Though my mental comportment is not his affair, I am willing to inform Mr. Molnar that I am no millenarist, no utopian, no pacifist, and that I too believe in original sin—though this belief does not lead me to want to churn about in the troughs of despair, nor in any of those other troughs which the asperity of Mr. Molnar's diatribe leads me to believe he frequents.

So much for the tone of Mr. Molnar's invective on the muddle-headed and childish Father Teilhard and the Protestant and utopian Mr. Lawler. I shall now take in order what substantive points I have been able to glean from Mr. Molnar's garblement of my remarks

Para. 3. I have never suggested that if we resolve the present nuclear stalemate we shall by that fact "enter the New Jerusalem of harmonious cooperation." I do believe that if we resolve it through the public opinion of people on both sides of the iron curtain we shall have taken a major step towards the unifying of all nations in the Western world: this is a truism. That I view with "relative equanimity the horrors of Soviet colonialism" is patently false. "Relative equanimity" is an academic insinuation of what the Birch Society calls "being soft on Communism." Unlike Mr. Molnar I don't feel I have to wave my anti-Communist credentials every time I take pen in hand; but the credentials are there, and they are as verifiable as any held by the self-gratulating licensees of the *National Review.*

Para. 4. Again, Mr. Molnar distorts my words. I do not say disarmament is "hindered only by a partisan . . . military complex." It is hindered by a great number of factors—including, it would seem, an inability to read.

Para. 5. Since Mr. Molnar is not concerned with what I actually said it doesn't much matter that the phrases in quotation marks are *not* from my essay nor that the terms of the discussion come from his lexicon not mine. However, Mr. Molnar's reduction of the question to a conflict between reactionaries, utopianists, enthusiasts, etc., leads me to conclude that he is uncomfortable with any transcendent consideration of the issues and feels at ease only when he has distilled them to certain stock labels, which he can then play off one against the other. That the labels have little to do with the reality appears not to disturb him.

Para. 6. Mr. Molnar seems to feel I am a dedicated and conscious agent of the Teilhardian conspiracy. But if Mr. Molnar sees no difference between Stalin and Khrushchev, or attributes my awareness of the difference between Russia of the present and the Russia of thirty years ago to a Teilhardian assumption, this is a limitation of his own perspective which is of no speculative interest whatever, and not even in my most utopian moments would I imagine I could correct it. Admittedly I am at a disadvantage when faced with Mr. Molnar (whose competence in "theology, history, ethics and politics" he has himself proclaimed) because I have not lately visited Berlin, Hong Kong, or even Miami; but if he wants to hear my views on the monstrousness of Marxism, I will be happy to develop them for the readers of the *National Review*—and we can send the honorarium to the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

Para. 7. I simply reject the *ipse dixit* of the entire paragraph. As for Father Calmel's remarks, I—and I presume this would be true of Teilhard—would agree that the human race "will never transcend its state of

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all and redemption" in history. Having thus affirmed my orthodoxy I am free to inquire as to the pertinence of this quotation to the disarmament question. Again, we are debating among Mr. Molnar's irrelevant labels and symbols.

Para. 8. *D'accord,* as the authorities of *Itinéraires* and *Le Monde* would say—with the one reservation that, unlike Mr. Molnar, I believe history is linear, not cyclical.

Para. 9. I do not know to whom this is addressed. I appreciate Mr. Molnar's desire to use my essay as the point of departure for ventilating his private editorial opinions on the state of the universe, but I was writing about "mutual, controlled disarmament," which is utterly different from what Mr. Molnar is here writing about. That phrase, "mutual, controlled disarmament," is a direct quotation from my article. "Military cliques," and "set the example," are quotations from sources I have not been able to discover. As to telling Mr. Khrushchev "to ban *his* bomb," that is precisely what I was doing. The distinction between unilateral disarmament and mutual, controlled disarmament is so black and white that I would have thought it perceptible even by someone who only sees red at the prospect of *any* kind of disarmament.

Concerning Mr. Jacob's remarks, I will not enter into a discussion with anyone who discharges upon me the kind of venomous abuse his second paragraph contains. I will only say how gratified I am that he reads the periodicals which enter his institution; and I would suggest that he might, in further pursuit of library science, venture into the stacks and consult the works of Deutscher, Dallin, Kennan, and Schumpeter for confirmation of my views on Soviet society.

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

Beautiful Human Race

The train goes down between the
green fields on
almost abandoned tracks.
The sky is blue.
Cars drive smoothly on
asphalt roads and the
countryside rests.
A child on the coach coughs and
a stranger across the aisle leans
apprehensively.
It is a long, hard cough.
From a small lookout beside a
track, an old weather-tried
railroad man waves.
There are flowers in the window
of his lookout.

SISTER MARY FAITH, O.S.B.

THE SCREEN

Bring 'Em Back Alive

AS A SPECIAL service to stay-at-homes this summer, the movie people are releasing several films that will help to satisfy the travel urge just by a trip to the local theater. The efforts of the motion picture camera will never actually take the place of travel, but as a next best thing these movies wander far and wide and manage to entertain and elucidate while making the one world seem smaller.

Anyone interested in Africa (and who isn't nowadays) can see big game hunting under the guidance of producer-director Howard Hawks. "Hatari!" (Paramount) isn't the conventional big game picture with natives running wild and white hunters shooting everything in sight. It is concerned with a group of people on a game farm in Tanganyika near Arusha, and nary a gun is fired in the whole movie. But there are plenty of thrills in "Hatari!" The title is the Swahili for danger—and danger abounds in the work of these hunters who catch animals to send to zoos all over the world.

Since her father was killed by a rhinoceros, pretty, young Michele Girardon runs the dangerous farm—with considerable help from an international group of catchers who admire the girl and enjoy their work: Americans John Wayne as their leader, Red Buttons as a former New York taxi driver who hates animals but loves excitement and drives the truck on the hunts, Bruce Cabot as an experienced hunter, German Hardy Kruger as a former racer who skillfully herds the beasts in a jeep, Valentin de Vargas as an adventurer finding more thrills in East Africa than back home in Argentina. French Gerard Blain joins the group when Cabot is gored by a rhino. About this time, the usually stoic John Wayne blows up when an attractive Italian photographer (Elsa Martinelli) arrives—not to help with the catching but to catch some pictures of the brave men and braver animals in action.

Wayne is right about Elsa: she does get in the way. But since Leigh Brackett's screenplay is rather thin, she adds to the fun, which is mainly handled by Red Buttons and his ingenious device for catching a tree full of monkeys, and she provides some romance for the anti-social Wayne while the younger boys vie for the attentions of their pretty boss. There isn't much more to the plot than this, and it hardly seems necessary for Howard Hawks to have gathered such a good cast to put over so simple a tale. But he has directed these people well, and no doubt the absence of villains and melodrama adds much to the credibility of the whole piece.

Furthermore, the action scenes more than make up for the slight story. Filmed on location with stunning

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views of Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti plains, the area around Lake Manyara, and other fascinating places, Russell Harlan's color photography is first-rate. And the shots of these game hunters capturing a leopard, a buffalo, a giraffe, and most dangerous of all, a rhino that escapes and has to be recaptured, are as thrilling as anything you'd want to see. Also brightening the scant plot is Henry Mancini's fine musical score which has high wit and imagination. As a movie, "Hatari!" may be too long and too much of a good thing, but it is never dull. It may even incite you to pack your safari clothes.

IF YOU are a devotee of French film maker Albert Lamorisse, whose two short films, "The Red Balloon" and "White Mane," won admirers everywhere, you'll be a push-over for his first full-length feature, "Stowaway in the Sky" (Lopert). Again using the same humor and flights of fancy he employed so well in "The Red Balloon," director-writer Lamorisse shows the adventures of a young boy (played again by his son, Pascal) and the boy's grandfather (Andre Gille) as they travel back and forth over France in a balloon. They pass over towns and cities with beautiful rooftops and cathedrals and walled castles; and they glide over lovely countrysides with a farmer below making intriguing patterns as he harvests, a stag fleeing from hunters, the snowy Alps with grotesque ice formations, a wedding party in Brittany, a spectacular fire in a northern forest, a flight of flamingoes, and other sights all proclaiming the wonder of the world.

Accompanying all this visual beauty, although almost not necessary, is a pleasant narration in English written by S. N. Behrman and nicely read by Jack Lemmon, both of whom convey the boy's glee on the trip and his I'll-always-remember-grandfather devotion. Photographed in crystal-clear Eastmancolor and in Helivision, low-altitude aerial photography that was developed by Lamorisse himself, "Stowaway" is often incredibly handsome. But it is more than a well-made travelogue. It is a visual poem capturing a boy's amazement and its maker's conviction that nothing in nature is commonplace. It effervesces with fun in the sky as the boy and gramp float along—and on earth too, as Maurice Baquet, as a mechanic, follows in a car that occasionally drives itself when he is preoccupied. Like "Hatari!" "Stowaway" may be too long and too much of a good thing with all that beauty and charm for some tastes, but for many a stay-at-home, it may be the greatest boost for air travel and France since the Wright Brothers.

MORE EXHAUSTING but also absorbing is the French documentary, "The Sky Above and the Mud Below" (Embassy). It describes the French-Dutch expedition from the south to the north coast of Dutch New Guinea, as dangerous and grim a journey as you'l ever want to take—even on the screen. Director-write Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau is our leader, and amon his displays on this seven-month trip through the jun gles, plains, rivers and mountains of the forbidding an uncharted land are interesting shots of cannibals head hunters, pygmies and other ethnic groups livin still in the Polished Stone Age of some 7,000 years ago As fascinating as this study is, it is not exactly for th squeamish—what with its vivid scenes of primitiv social customs and rites. Much of this material wa covered by explorer Lewis Cotlow in his "Primitiv Paradise" released last year; and while Cotlow's film didn't quite convey the dangers and horrors of thi savage country as well as the French film, "The Sky Above and the Mud Below" although authentic seem at times less like the real thing—as if many of its scene were carefully arranged and designed for audience con sumption. It is still a spellbinding documentary, but I doubt if it'll send any moviegoers to New Guinea.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

End of Season: A Love Letter

A RECENT *feuilleton* devoted to Zero Mostel informed us that the great comic actor openly aspires to the weightiest and most distinguished roles (Lear was mentioned) and that in the opinion of many qualified observers he could do a magnificent job with them. I don't think it necessary for us to wait until he is literally gotten up in beard and scepter before we can accept the enormous range and high suppleness of his talent; he has demonstrated, like Chaplin before him, that the supreme clown is the alter ego of the supreme tragedian. The Greeks, after all, had two *masks* for comedy and tragedy, not two separate figures.

If today, in America especially, we tend to keep two distinct shapes before our eyes, they are actually those of the comic and the *serious*, tragedy having long since passed beyond our capacity for creation—although we may and do re-create it—and therefore not being a real alternative. As far as the theater goes, the dichotomy may affect the playwright more than the performer, but the latter suffers, too. I remember not liking Bert Lahr's performance in "Waiting for Godot" but being happy that the stereotype had been broken, that the clown had been asked to try a different dance.

But the real point isn't whether a clown may play a Gogo or a king—if Mostel wants to act Lear or Macbeth, by all means, somebody, arrange it—but whether we will continue to regard his comic art as inferior to someone else's serious one, whether, as a larger matter, we

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will continue to regard comedy itself as inferior in the light of our aspirations towards seriousness. We want so much to be serious that we sometimes fail to notice that for a long time now much of the best work being done, in fiction as well as in the theater and a good many other arts, has been, by all the old standards, comic—and that such comedy is quite possibly the highest form of seriousness we can hope to achieve for a long time to come.

It is a new kind of comedy, and its spirit unites, whatever else separates them, Bellow, Roth, Salinger and even Flannery O'Connor in fiction, Albee, Kenneth Koch and the Absurdists in drama, the neo-dadaists and the junk-sculptors, John Cage, Lenny Bruce, and Zero Mostel. It is one of the spirits of the age, a spirit composed of some or all of these elements: irony, parody, irreverence in search of reverence, innocence obtained provisionally and by an act of will, mockery designed to bring down false gods, extremity reached or sought for by trampling, with greater or lesser harshness, on all the stiff, lifeless forms and genres that still satisfy certain imaginations—those for whom Broadway is the Mirror on the Wall and who keep our literary taxidermists busy.

The thing that has been trampled on most heavily of all is the very notion of what constitutes the comic and the serious. Whether we laugh or not is no longer the criterion. Ionesco, let us remember, describes his various works as a "psuedo-drama," an "anti-play," a "comic drama" and a "tragic farce," thoroughly confusing the traditional categories, as indeed the works themselves are made up of inextricably matted elements, so that we are brought into the presence of realms of experience and response for which the old divisions—tears or laughter, hope or despair, fantasy or reality—have not prepared us.

The serious is, in the end, whatever changes or replenishes us. And the "new comedy," operating in the space left by almost all our previous seriousness, our sanctified cultural values and humanistic schemata for interpreting and dealing with experience, whose emptiness and irrelevance astound us continually, presents us with the paradox of the humorous being more effective and more fecund than the sober. It also presents us with the invitation to throw out all classifications whatsoever, including its own name. If we insist in retaining them, we shall at least have to set up a nomenclature in which appear "new comedy," "bad old comedy"—for Billy Wilder and Norman Krasna—and "good old comedy"—for clowns, unmechanized wits and bird imitators. And probably something along the same lines for drama.

I have set down these observations because the season has come to a whimpering end and I find that when I think back on it the occasions I remember are comic ones—whether of the new or good old variety. N. F. Simpson's "One-Way Pendulum," with its masterful destruction of logic; Beckett's "Happy Days," in which the most painful laughter arises from the confrontation of our absolute condition of loneliness; Kenneth Koch's "George Washington Crossing the Delaware," where fantastic innocence exists alongside the sharpest parody. "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Night of the Iguana" make for not unpleasant memories, as of satisfying meals once consumed, but those three other plays go on feeding me.

The old comedy provided moments of pleasure, too. But only when it was *really* old, when it was farce or physical humor or simple high spirits and not the attenuated *au courant* witticisms of Gore Vidal or Herb Gardner of the prurient yet anaphrodisiac tics of Krasna or of most musicals. I cite here the scene with the bellhop in Greene's otherwise flat and crimped "Complaisant Lover," certain antics of Bobby Morse in "How to Succeed in Business," a splendid bit by Gabriel Dell as a cowardly and inept duellist in the City Center's woebegone revival of "Can-can," and a good part of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," the latter a mixed blessing which offered us so much of Zero Mostel and held back so much more.

Even so, I remember Zero best. And that is to say I remember a man in whose ambiance all the categories fail, the performer who is the equivalent of the plays I admire, a phenomenon beyond pigeonholes, an untrammeled (or only locally and temporarily trammeled) minister of grace, a firebird, a spa, a principle of health, a man who has more to say of mortal things than all our preachers and more to say of the immortal than all but a few of them. Must I continue to call him a comedian? Isn't that what we call Milton Berle and Red Buttons?

RICHARD GILMAN

Poem

Going back to where Keats died
I touch again his books, his piteous bed;
But nothing here of how he coughed and cried
Or why he should be lopped and early dead.
Nothing of that. Nothing of how or why
Such music roared within this silent room
We still are shaken by it. Just a fly
Sings. Not here, not here consumptive doom

But on the Spanish steps alive with flowers,
Food and wine, is where Keats fell,
Hearing a hundred churches toll the hours
Under the city's rose and ancient spell,
Smiling at other tourists far from home
He wrote his name on all the fountains of Rome.

LEONARD MCCARTHY

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Stalin as Cause or Stalin as Effect?

Conversations with Stalin. By Milovan Djias. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

by Matthew Mestrovic

FIRST AND foremost, *Conversations With Stalin* is the story of Milovan Djilas' own disillusionment first with Stalinism and then with Communism in general. Explaining why he chose to write the book and thus face renewed imprisonment and suffering, Djilas wrote in the foreword: "I am driven by an inner necessity to leave nothing unsaid that might be of significance . . . to those who strive for a freer human society." The book is a confession and a battle cry of a man alone, who will not surrender his intellectual freedom to the exigencies of a totalitarian government.

The book opens in 1944 with Djilas, then Tito's closest associate, going to Moscow to establish top-level contact with the Soviet leadership and arrange aid to the Yugoslav Partisans. At that time, says Djilas, "the Yugoslav Communist Party was not only as ideologically unified as the Soviet, but faithfulness to Soviet leadership was one of the essential elements of its development and activity." Djilas went to his first meeting with Stalin in a state of rapture, for "to be received by Stalin—this was the greatest possible recognition for the heroism and suffering of our partisan warriors and people." For Djilas, as for his comrades, Stalin was "the incarnation of an idea, transfigured in Communist minds, into pure idea, and thereby into something infallible and sinless."

Djilas' second mission to Moscow took place in April 1945 when he had already incurred Stalin's displeasure for daring to criticize the plunder and rape perpetrated by Russian troops in northern Yugoslavia. "These words of mine," says Djilas, "were the cause of the first friction between the Yugoslav and Soviet leadership." Enraged at Djilas' temerity, Stalin asked a visiting Yugoslav delegation: "Can't he (Djilas) understand it if a soldier who has crossed a thousand kilometers through blood and fire and death has fun with a woman and takes some trifles?"

Stalin's brutal and cynical attitude, his chauvinism and utter contempt for man's dignity undermined Djilas' unquestioning faith in Stalin's leadership and the world he was bringing into being. Gradually Djilas began to see Stalin as a tyrant for whom Communism, the Yugoslavs, and even the Russian people were pawns to be used and sacrificed at will in his drive for personal aggrandizement and world dominion. Talking about the terrible war which was about to end in 1945 and about the future, Stalin said: "This war is not as in the past. Whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own social system as far as his army can reach. It cannot be otherwise." A little later Stalin cried out almost in transport, "The war shall soon be over. We shall recover in fifteen or twenty years, and then we'll have another go at it."

Djilas' last encounter with Stalin took place early in 1948, on the eve of the Yugoslav-Soviet break. Stalin seemed to have aged tremendously, had declined intellectually, and was showing signs of senility. But still the old tyrant retained his stubbornness, his suspicion, and his hatred for all those who dared oppose his views. It was at this time that an interesting exchange took place regarding Albania. Said Stalin, "We have no special interest in Albania. We agree to Yugoslavia swallowing Albania." In his astonishment, Djilas protested that Yugoslavia did not wish to "swallow" Albania but hoped for the "unification" of the two nations. At this point Molotov interjected, "But that is swallowing!" And Stalin added, "Yes, yes. Swallowing. But we agree with you: you ought to swallow Albania—the sooner the better."

Tito and Khrushchev have condemned Stalin's crimes with equal bitterness. But Djilas does not regard Stalin's excesses as the aberrations of a demented personality. Djilas views Stalin and Stalinism as the inevitable products of the Communist system. It is the Communist monopoly of power which made Stalin and his crimes possible. And what about Stalin's successors? "In good part they are only continuing his work and they contain in their make-up those same elements—the same ideas, patterns, and methods that propelled him. . . . The ruling Party followed him doggedly and obediently—and he truly led it from victory to victory until, carried away by power, he began to sin against it as well."

And Djilas concludes that "as long as the Party fails to break, both in its theory and especially in its practice, with everything that comprises the very originality and essence of Stalin and Stalinism, namely, with the ideological unitarism and so-called monolithic structure of the Party, it will be a bad but reliable sign that it has not emerged from under Stalin's shadow. . . . Despite the curses against his name, Stalin lives in the social and spiritual foundations of the Soviet society."

This then is Djilas' unforgivable crime in the eyes of all true Communists—he equates Stalinism with Communism. For this crime Tito has cast Djilas back into grim Mitrovica prison. *Conversations With Stalin* does not contain any "state secrets" whose publication is damaging to Yugoslavia, as Tito's regime has charged in its indictment of Djilas. In fact Djilas' most important encounter with Stalin, on the eve of the Yugoslav-Soviet break, was recounted by Vladimir Dedijer in Tito's official biography published in this country by Simon & Schuster in 1953.

Djilas said in his book that men live in dreams and in reality, and added, perhaps with a tinge of bitterness, "I would not be able today to determine which, the dream or the reality (of Communism), failed more in living up to its promise." The hard and bitter journey of his life seems to have carried Djilas to a new perception. He told me last summer in Belgrade, "Life is an endless struggle between good and evil,

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light and darkness." Djilas may have found his life's meaning in this struggle for the good and the true. "Truth will win out," Djilas wrote in the concluding lines of his book, "even if only after those who have fought for it have perished." And may we ask, what greater sacrifice can a man offer on the altar of his convictions than his own life?

Slugging Along

Youngblood Hawke. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday & Co. $7.95.

by William James Smith

IN THE opening pages of *Little Dorrit*, within the first two hundred pages, that is to say, the dreary old house of the Clennams groans forebodingly and every Dickens fan thrills with anticipation, knowing with absolute certainty that on page 800 or thereabouts that gloomy mansion is going to come tumbling down with a crash that will resound throughout London. The nineteenth century novelists knew what they were about. Dickens' friend Wilkie Collins summed up the strategy to perfection: "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait!"

Make 'em wait! There's a lot to be said for it. I don't suppose anyone is ever really very surprised at the outcome of a Dickens novel. After all, Little Paul cannot try to catch what the wild waves are saying for five hundred pages without eventually going out with the tide. Though David may indeed marry Dora, Agnes is waiting there angelically and don't you forget it! Agnes is going to end up with the man she deserves and the prospect of ten bouncing pink-cheeked children. Only not for another few hundred pages. Make 'em wait!

Herman Wouk is the only living nineteenth century novelist. He glories in the fact and so do his ten million readers, including me. It is strange, as a matter of fact, that Dickens, our greatest English novelist, has been so little emulated. His genius may indeed have been inimitable but certainly his techniques were simplicity itself. And yet he has had no lineal descendants. Wouk is a late-rising avatar, not up to the original, but a contender. One way he falls short is in the matter of conviction. Dickens was sublimely self-confident. All his melodrama, all his wild coincidences, the sentimentality, the simplistic morality gave off a sense of absolute conviction. Wouk, on the other hand, is defensive, he invites patronizing and he gets it. He is continually looking over his shoulder, saying, "Can I get away with this?"

And he plods. Sometimes he plods so doggedly that you begin to admire him more for his stamina than his story-telling. Again he is defensive. "I may not be a poet," he says, "and I may not get very far off the ground, but I go slugging along with my story." This is true, and more power to him for it. Dickens did get off the ground, to be sure, but then he did a bit of plodding too.

Ostensibly, *Youngblood Hawke* is the story of Thomas Wolfe, or perhaps of Wouk himself, or Balzac, or any young writer who struck it rich —like Dickens, indeed. Young Art Hawke, from the coal hills of Kentucky, becomes the famous novelist Youngblood Hawke and his tragic story is the hopeless struggle of the obsessed artist against financial greed and the seductive wiles of a worldly woman. Even a summary of the story makes it fall into melodramatic terms.

It has everything. Wouk is even one or two up on Dickens. Everybody in *Youngblood Hawke* is rich and famous and, despite the disclaimer, I thought I could recognize forty-seven well-known personalities of our time in thin disguise. This is a bit that Dickens did not use to advantage. Everyone drinks champagne and there are plenty of movie stars.

And it is as unpornographic as Dickens himself—another point on which Wouk deservedly prides himself. There aren't even any bad words in it. There are some splendidly intricate legal chicaneries, there are wistful children doomed to die, there are flights through the storm by the wicked lady in her gorgeous gown and her diamonds, there are glimpses into the arcane mysteries of publishing, there are droll, eccentric fellows who turn out to be millionaires, there are Hollywood agents who wear funny hats (83 funny hats), there are lovable servants with bright eyes and kindly smiles, there is an enormous amount of heady talk about money running into millions, there is the salty old Mama who expresses age-old wisdom, there are romantic vistas of Peru and the capitals of Europe, there is madness, there are deathbeds, there are childbirths, there are poignant memories, there is the splendor of New York sparkling beneath penthouse balconies, renunciations, sacrifices, funny blondes, the glamour of the theater, swimming pools, champagne, champagne, champagne, steamer departures, glimpses of the simple people from the hills, the lovable villain, absurd coincidences, devastating confrontations, evil foiled. And, ah yes, there is the Good Girl Who Waits.

I loved it, every mad, mad moment of it. And why shouldn't I? It would have stunned even Dickens.

Turning the Tables

God of the Scientists. God of the Experiment. By Rémy Chauvin. Helicon. $3.95.

by Julian R. Pleasants

WITH AN intriguing display of reverse Ingersoll, French psychologist Rémy Chauvin has aimed a volley at the scientist's most vulnerable point, his passion for the experimentally verifiable. Turning the tables on old Bob, who used to give the Lord one minute to strike him dead, Chauvin asks the unbelieving scientist to give God a chance (time not specified) to strike him alive—alive to God's existence. Will he do it? Will He do it? This is an experiment. We will have to wait for the reports.

I can comment only on the approach, which seems to me quite successful in its effort to remain scientific and unphilosophical. Any scientist should feel at home with a passage such as: "Who can decide if there is no real *method of verification;* that is to say, again and always, a reference to the facts? A theory that is not verifiable does not interest the

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scientist. The very idea which guided me in undertaking this essay is that if God exists, it must be possible to verify (not to *prove* it)."

For Chauvin, the facts which verify the God-hypothesis are of two kinds, the ordinary and the extraordinary. The extraordinary—miracles, violent conversions, religious experience, mysticism—are standard apologetic approaches, though Chauvin is effective in presenting them without scholastic jargon. It is the ordinary facts of human psychology which Chauvin, himself a psychologist, uses with most originality. He points to the existence in man of a veritable *theotropism* (turning toward God) which is evident throughout human history. Now a scientist cannot be content with merely noting a tropism. Such things are often his first clue to an unknown reality. They must be explored and explained.

One of the better illustrations of Chauvin's analogy is not given in his book, since it has only recently come to scientific attention. Certain shellfish open their shells for feeding at the change of the tides. They do so even in a tub in a Midwestern laboratory. It is neither their own hunger nor the flowing of the water which triggers their opening, but the same force which sets the tides in motion. In short, we could discover the existence of the moon from the behavior of shellfish even if we had never seen the moon.

It is Chauvin's thesis that human behavior has pointed as definitely to the existence of God. He reviews a considerable field of comparative religion to emphasize that belief in God makes possible man's most fully human behavior. Lacking belief, man would become paralyzed by the contemplation of the facts of sickness, failure, and above all, death. But the agnostic hypothesis, which forces an ignoring of these facts, is thereby unscientific. With this much historical background for the experiment, Chauvin asks the inquiring scientist to orient his own life toward God, hypothetical as God may be at this point, and then to see if he does not find a remarkable correspondence of this hypothesis with his own nature and with all the normal phenomena of human existence.

To decide from a reviewer's armchair whether this approach will appeal to the non-believing scientist would be to pre-judge another man's experiment, and this I will not do, especially when there is so much need for new approaches. And yet I am a bit distressed at Chauvin's implication that this is *the* approach, that God's existence cannot be a conclusion, but only a verified hypothesis. I am too much used to the coming and going of hypotheses to want to put God in that category. For me, God's existence follows from the fact that anything exists. And the existence of a personal God follows from the fact that persons exist. This may not be a tempting approach, but it is a reassuring place to settle down.

My other reservation arises from the fear that Chauvin's approach, when read approvingly by believing Christians, will divert their attention from the alarming modern decline in theotropism. Part of this decline was inevitable and indeed proper. In prescientific times, when the whole world seemed at the mercy of mysterious and unpredictable forces, it might have taken faith in God to plant a field of wheat. This was not so much theotropism as geotropism with a magical twist. But besides this unregretted loss, the modern world, with its lengthened life-span, its suburbs to live in and hospitals to die in, has progressively lost its contact with the hard facts of sickness and death, the "motivational poisons," as Chauvin calls them, which require belief in God for their neutralization.

Whatever means we develop for drawing attention to these facts (war may do it for us), I would still like to see a wholly new apologetic approach, an appeal to the theotropism of thankfulness as well as to the theotropism of fear, a turning to God because of man's joys and triumphs, not merely because of his limitations. Dorothy Day, in *The Long Loneliness*, attributes her conversion to the exultation she felt at the birth of her child. She began praying because she felt happy, not because she felt unhappy. Perhaps this theotropism of praise and thankfulness, if we knew how to arouse it, would prove remarkably effective in our times, the more so, undoubtedly, if religion generally began to manifest itself as such a response.

Whether *God of the Scientists* succeeds as a direct appeal to non-believing scientists remains for the experiment to show, but the believing reader can surely find it a stimulus for exploring new approaches to this unbelieving world. It is an exploration which becomes daily more necessary.

Shadowed Affluence

The American Establishment. By Richard Rovere. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.
The Other America. By Michael Harrington. Macmillan. $4.

by Lester Goran

TWO SENSITIVE observers of contemporary society have recently published intelligent books on subjects they know as well as anyone. Over both falls the shadow of J. K. Galbraith, the Harvard economist and current ambassador to India. Like the "ugly American" of Burdick and Lederer who was originally a good guy and became in the usage of folklore a synonym for the pampered cookie-pusher of the diplomatic corps, Mr. Galbraith's "affluent society" describes not a place of plenty and sanity but a nation of fifty million physically and spiritually maimed poor, as viewed by Mr. Harrington, and a curious, merry-go-round, comic America as seen by Mr. Rovere.

The American Establishment and Other Reports, Opinions, and Speculations, ranges from the topical footnote to history—"Mr. Morris Goes to Washington," an account of the confusion attending reformer Newbold Morris' duties as a federal investigator—to a study of the moral problems of the artist, in "The Conscience of Arthur Miller."

Among other opinions and reports are an appreciation of George Orwell, reminiscences of the campaign trains of Dewey and Truman, and impressions of Harold Ickes, Sidney Hillman, professional Congressional witnesses, and General MacArthur. Also included are the *Esquire* article on the contradictions in the role of Ezra Pound and the justifiably fa-

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mous *New Yorker* profile on the larger-than-life-size political dynamo from Greenpoint, New York, Peter J. McGuiness.

"The American Establishment," the title piece, is a mock-serious satire on the complex of people and causes that move into a democratic vacuum which is not filled, as happens in England, by a Church, State, Royal Family, and Old Boy School System. With footnotes and pseudo-objectivity, Mr. Rovere creates the comic portrait of a functioning organization that runs the country, even to electing Presidents who are not Establishment men. "Dwight Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy," he writes, "have both served the Establishment and been served by it, but neither is or ever was a member of the innermost circle." Cheek sly with tongue, he adds, "Both, indeed, were admitted with some reluctance on the part of senior members, and Eisenhower's standing has at times been most insecure." In broad, conspiratorial tones, Mr. Rovere reveals that he found the disguised 1958 chairman of the Establishment to be John J. McCloy, the financier, and when he told this secret to J. K. Galbraith who "had for some time been surreptitiously at work in Establishment studies," Mr. Rovere writes that the economist "congratulated me for having guessed what it had taken him so much patient research to discover."

Even Norman Mailer and Norman Thomas belong to this bogus Establishment. Mr. Rovere admits them because of their association with members of the mythical Executive Committee which sets up mythical policy for the fictitious Establishment. The latter's antagonists are outsiders like Richard Nixon, Charles A. Lindbergh, "an aviator," and Edward Teller, "nuclear physicist, often known as 'Father of the Hydrogen Bomb.'" Readers who see no humor in *The American Establishment* will no doubt conceive it to be a factual blueprint of their worst fears realized. It will sound like a Tarzan-cry of triumph echoing out over the pastel roofs of the affluent society.

About this same affluent society, Mr. Harrington writes in *The Other America* that the fifty million poor around us were difficult for him to credit. "The poor existed," he says, "in the Government reports; they were percentages and numbers in long, close columns, but they were not part of my experience." Mr. Harrington's immediate introduction came when he worked for the *Catholic Worker* in New York. He records the habits of the actual poor in the sixties, not of the remote bohemians of the thirties in Europe, as in Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*, or of the historically marvelous as in the imagination of Charles Dickens. Like the sophisticates crowding into a popular bar on the Bowery, whom Mr. Harrington sets down for posterity, we in our blinders step adroitly over the doomed men in our gutters. Fifty million poor is an inconceivable figure, but so is a hundred and eighty-five million, our total population.

The invisibility, as Mr. Harrington points out, is in the eye of the beholder. Not to see the sick, the old, the Negro, the illiterate, the uprooted, becomes almost a built-in

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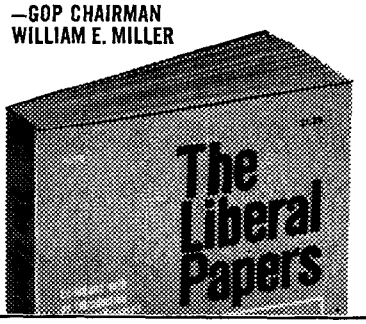

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necessary function of the comparatively affluent.

"The old slums of the immigrants had the votes," Mr. Harrington writes; "they provided the basis for labor organizations; their very numbers could be a powerful force in political conflict." The first poor minority in history suffers accordingly, he believes. Mr. Galbraith, Mr. Harrington writes, "was one of the first to understand that there are enough poor people in the United States to constitute a subculture of misery, but not enough of them to challenge the conscience and imagination of the nation." He disagrees, however, with the idea of "pockets of poverty," since he thinks that this is to imply that "one is confronted by a serious but relatively minor problem." Using statistics, case histories, technical economic and sociological surveys, and personal observations, he makes his case. He believes that automation, our tax structure, our color bigotry (poor makes black in the same way that black makes poor), the increasing numbers of our aged and ill, and our shifting population will make matters even worse. The gains of the forties and fifties are threatened, he warns.

"The present reality," he says, "is one of misery. The image of the old America, so dear to the rhetoricians and Fourth of July orators, was a nation based on a sturdy and independent yeomanry. That is no longer true. The old America of the fields has been replaced by the other America. What was once the nation's pride is now the nation's shame." One need only look out from a moving bus to see some quick, grotesque charade of illness, weariness or disorder performed on the sidewalk outside.

Mr. Harrington, with a dignity that illuminates his identification with the helpless, a fine gift of phrase, a sense of passionate urgency, has described the length and breadth of the sidewalk outside. He informs us, with the outrage of a Jeremiah, of the invisible main attraction we had missed under the big tent while poking among the antic diversions of the sideshow.

A Verbal Artifact

The Moment of Poetry. Edited by Don Cameron Allen. Johns Hopkins. $3.50.
The Language Poets Use. By Winifred Nowottny. Oxford. $5.75.

by Richard M. Ohmann

TALKING about poetry is an agreeable diversion, and an appropriate form of homage to the verbal artifact. If, as Auden wrote, "Poetry makes nothing happen," and if, *a fortiori*, talking about poetry makes nothing happen—well, what odds? The poems remain untarnished; with luck they may be brightened for a few readers. And the conversation is a public sign that high culture still breathes, that the poet in our time is not after all such a lonely figure.

But when talk about poetry gains the permanence of hard covers, we are justified in applying a somewhat harsher standard. Then it is fair to ask whether the book earns its way, either by adding a little to criticism's store of rigorously demonstrated truths, or by stating familiar, established truths or tentative new ones so graciously, so finally, that the statement itself merits preservation. Criticism with neither of these virtues is at best pleasant but ephemeral chatter, and at worst an irrelevant or pernicious buzzing.

Three of the essays (originally lectures) in *The Moment of Poetry*, those by John Holmes, May Sarton, and Richard Eberhart, fall in the category of ephemeral chatter, with a pernicious buzz every now and then. It is mildly entertaining to hear Mr. Holmes say that the poet is surrounded, like the altar at Stonehenge, by concentric circles—in the poet's case, circles of influence, audience, and criticism. But as Mr. Holmes modestly acknowledges, he is only reminding us of what we already know. And I wonder how many will share his Panglossian cheerfulness about the poet's relation to his milieu, or agree that "Our eyes are on the poet as hero."

Miss Sarton's effusions to the effect that poetry springs from tensions in equilibrium will surprise few; and Mr. Eberhart's ill-defined notion that poetry is of the Will, of the Psyche, or both, invites a proliferation of critical terms without any pay-off in understanding. Don Cameron Allen, editor of the book, finds poets' comments on poetry "of extraordinary importance"; his threshold of excitement is low.

But the volume is redeemed by the contributions of Randall Jarrell and Richard Wilbur. Mr. Jarrell simply explicates Frost's "Home Burial." But the poem will *stay* explicated, I believe. His essay, in its sensitivity and hard-won fullness, also tells us a great deal about Frost's often-over-

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looked subtlety and depth, and more about poetry in general than a dozen undisciplined gushings. He makes a contribution. So does Mr. Wilbur in explaining Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries"; he reaffirms an old principle—the poet's right to draw on the past—so freshly, so clearly, so *memorably*, that the familiarity of the idea scarcely matters. His talk, like Mr. Jarrell's, belongs to the more lasting dialogue of culture.

Winifred Nowottny's *The Language Poets Use* also began as talk, specifically, as a course of lectures in the University of London. Mrs. Nowottny's lectures must have been exciting to hear; they are full of bright, darting sorties against ignorance in the muddy field of poetic meaning. She engages the hard problems—diction, metaphor, structure, ambiguity—boldly and honestly. And though she seldom uncovers an altogether new general truth, her careful and industrious arguments have a salutary authority. Thus, her claim that the effect of metaphor closely depends on the linguistic form of the words themselves is valuable because it reverses a misleading tendency to think of metaphor as essentially one device working in just one way, and because, though the thing has been said before, she says it with an impressive weight of analysis and example. Furthermore, her analyses are themselves worth the price of admission, especially a richly detailed one of Dylan Thomas' "There Was a Saviour."

What are the book's main positions? That "meaning and value in poems are the product of a whole array of elements of language," that poetic language differs from ordinary language in being more highly structured, and that "the more complex organization set up in poems makes it possible for the poet both to redress and to exploit various characteristics of language at large." Well and good.

Now, as Mrs. Nowottny certainly knows, the language of poetry is to begin with simply language, and the structure of a poem is a structure of language. Her appeal to linguistics is justified, I think; the possibility of a breakthrough in her field may well hang on the critic's willingness to absorb the linguist's insights. But let it be said, regretfully, that Mrs. Nowottny is not one, but two, linguistic revolutions behind (the last one heralded by Noam Chomsky's *Syntactic Structures*). To talk about the poet's use of linguistic forms without reference to, for instance, the work of Roman Jakobson, is to labor in more darkness than is necessary. Mrs. Nowottny is left with the traditional apparatus of criticism plus her own considerable wit. The result is good talk, but it is probably not much more.

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REVIEWERS

Matthew M. Mestrovic is a member of the faculty at New York University.

William James Smith, a free-lance writer and critic, is a frequent contributor.

Julian R. Pleasants is research associate at Lobund Laboratories at the University of Notre Dame.

Lester Goran, a novelist and critic, is a member of the faculty at the University of Miami.

Richard M. Ohmann teaches in the English Department at Wesleyan University.

"Above All Else"

HEARTS AND MINDS

ON MAY 17, 1962, the 8th anniversary of the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school segregation, I stood on a corner in Chicago's Loop and distributed pamplets to all who would take them. Most of you have read the pamphlet, HEARTS AND MINDS, and most of you know that some 50 or 60 teachers distributed 60,000 of these pamphlets on that day.

In a sense, this was a small thing, a mere handful of teachers thinly spread; it takes more to move a city. But in another sense, it was a great occasion. In a society which tends to make the individual feel more and more insignificant, confused and impotent, we took positive action. As members of a profession notorious for timidity, we did a courageous thing. In a school system which rewards sychophants and conformists, we stood apart for our beliefs.

Whether or not our action will speed integration in Chicago, I do not know. I do know that I am a better man for having been associated with men and women of courage and conviction, and that it is good above all else to stand up for one's beliefs. To deny this, to allow others to take the risks and receive the wounds, is to accept impotence and nonentity.

Too many teachers have been afraid for too long. They fear some undefined reprisal or loss of preferment and thus remain silent in the face of every provocation and humiliation. They have conformed for so long that they may have lost the capacity for independence. As in most cases, the helplessness and frustration resulting from fear are worse than the things we fear. What is so precious as personal integrity, what hoped-for preferment could compensate for loss of independence?

For those who believe that segregation is right, our action was mistaken. For those who believe that so few can accomplish nothing, our action was pointless. But for those who believe that segregation is wrong and that integration is necessary, our action must be a spur to similar action.

We ask for courage. We ask for commitment. We have shown the way, we made the breach. Join us, together we can change the world. Come, "lay your shoulders to the wheel. . . ."

—Charles A. Abele
to the Lake View H. S. Faculty
May 22, 1962

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Point of View

Subscribers, occasional readers and commentators share the conviction that The Commonweal—as an American journal of opinion edited by Catholic laymen—plays a unique role in the give and take of public issues. Consistent with its general viewpoint, The Commonweal:

—is vitally concerned with the layman's function in the life of the Church;
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—is enthusiastic about the encyclical *Mater et Magistra,* which some conservatives have called a "venture in triviality";
—is internationalist at a time when many would have America abandon the world to save its own skin;
—is frankly liberal in the face of an ultra-conservative revival which feeds on fear and suspicion.

To say this about our editorial spirit is not to tell the whole story of The Commonweal, whose articles, editorials and reviews cast a wide net over current political, literary and cultural and religious developments. In recent weeks, for example, The Commonweal has published such provocative articles as: "The U-2 Affair," by David Riesman; "Terror in Algeria," by Gunnar D. Kumlien; "The Catholic Layman Today," by John Tracy Ellis, and "Bertrand Russell at Ninety," by John Coulson, as well as the special issue on "The Arms Race and Christian Obligation." This is typical of The Commonweal's weekly coverage.

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